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and general circulation throughout the States. The work is brought out by the publishers, in two volumes containing ten exercises each, and is clearly printed on good paper.

FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR NEW INTERLUDES AND VOLUNTARIES, for the Organ, Melodeon or Harmonium. By JOHN ZUNDEL. S. T. Gordon, 706 Broadway, N. Y.

Mr. John Zundel is well known in this country as a thoroughly practical musician, and a first-class, solid organist. He published a work similar to the one under notice, but simpler, some sixteen years ago, which met with an immense sale. Its success may be traced to the fact, that it supplied a great want, for mediocrity distinguished the majority of the organists of the country, and the interludes in various styles, times, and keys, which it contained, enabled those who had neither knowledge, nor invention, to get through this work very respectably indeed.

Education has greatly advanced since that work was issued, and the new volume is addressed to a higher class of executive ability, both in the character, and the mechanism of its contents. There are many fair manipulators of the organ who have no more ideas of extemporising than the handle of the bellows, and to these this work will prove an infallible resource in every difficulty, for it contains a vast number of well-made interludes adapted to all classes of sentiment in hymn and psalm tunes, besides many pleasing and sterling voluntaries, for opening and closing the services.

This book has been arranged so as to be made available with the least possible trouble. A copious index is appended, which denotes the pages on which will be found Interludes adapted to every measure, and to every key, and, also, to particular character of sentiment, whether commencing upon the light beat or the full measure. The practical use of such a book can be estimated at a glance, and it only needs to be known to meet with general and cordial acceptance.

TREATISE ON HARMONY AND MODULATION. By JOHN ZUNDEL. S. T. Gordon, 706 Broadway, N. Y.

Without making any pretension as to originality, or putting forward any startling new theories, Mr. Zundel has produced a clear, concise, and intelligible treatise, which ordinary intellects could master almost without assistance. It is not easy to be simple and profound at the same time; it is not easy to escape from the trammels of countless exceptions which surround every rule of the musical theory, and give a clear view of the principles of the science, but Mr. Zundel, keeping a steady gaze upon the practical necessities of such a work, has made his statements brief, decided, and comprehensive, disencumbering those common errors which are common to all students in their first efforts in harmony writing.

Of course, Mr. Zundel's is not an exhaustive treatise on the subject, but it may be taken as a safe-ground work, and a sure starting point for wider and deeper enquiries. His chapters on modulation are as briefly comprehensive as the preceding chapters on theory. If their simple rules are thoroughly studied, and the examples given carefully transposed according to direction, the student will acquire resources in his extem-

porising, and in his compositions, which will prove altogether beyond valuation.

We commend this work to all musical students for the foregoing reasons, which we think will prove of weight; satisfied that its study, from the simplicity of its teaching, will interest the pupil up to that point where the acquirement of knowledge becomes a pleasant occupation.

SUSAN'S STORY. Ballad by CLARIBEL, N. Y. Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway.

Claribel has achieved an extraordinary popularity in England within the few last years. She has achieved it by the simplicity of her style, which appeals to the masses, and to her tact in selecting the subjects of her poems, they being always either a touching incident, a simple story, or some sentiment that appeals at once to the heart. This ballad contains a simple, but very touching little story, very pathetically told, and set to a melody equally simple and touching. It has all the elements of popularity, and will, doubtless, find its way on to every piano desk in the country.

THE LOVELY ROSE. Aria for Baritone voice, composed by CHAS. F. SHATTUCK. Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway.

A very smooth and pleasing *cantabile* movement, well suited for a baritone voice, and with sufficient sentiment to render it effective. It can also be sung by mezzo-soprano or contralto voices.

CAN IT BE? CAN IT BE? (*Miss Ydemia*). Translated from the German by G. W. BRIDGEMAN arranged by A. DISBECKER, N. Y. Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway.

This is a very tender little melody, with a smack of the old German simplicity. It was sung by Mme. Methua Scheller, in the drama of "Lorrie's Wedding," and met with much success. The poem is also interesting.

IDA GALOP. Composed by CARL FAUST. Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway.

A spirited and brilliant Galop, as full of dance as time and measure can make it. It has been made quite popular by its frequent performance by Downing's celebrated 71st Regiment Band. It is quite easy to play, and is very effective.

ART MATTERS.

Rothermel's picture of "The Republican Court in the Days of Lincoln," now on exhibition at the Derby Gallery, 625 Broadway, is a work that, from its historic interest, must command considerable attention. Painted as a companion to Huntington's "Republican Court in the Days of Washington," Mr. Rothermel's picture naturally courts comparison. Although the chance for color and picturesque costume is not so great as in the latter, to my mind it is the best picture of the two; and for this reason—Mr. Rothermel has accomplished that *rara avis*, a portrait picture devoid of stiffness, his figures being, for the most part, easy and graceful in action as well as natural in grouping, added to this there is a richly luminous tone pervading the whole work which is eminently pleasing and attractive. Mr. Rothermel's flesh painting, however, is not always so successful as that of Mr. Huntington, as, in the picture in question, there are many evidences of

haste and carelessness which are not to be found in that of the last named gentleman, whose work is marked by a painstaking fidelity to nature which renders it, albeit the color is often weak and artificial, more preferable as a specimen of what may be called simple portrait painting.

Setting aside this one fault, there is much left in Mr. Rothermel's picture to admire. In the first place the portraits, although not always careful, are still strong in expression and character, giving us life-like representations of the persons represented. Among the best are those of Andrew Johnson, Seward, Everett, Chase and Greeley, while in those of Lincoln, Scott, McClellan, Grant, Brady and Bryant, Mr. Rothermel's success is far from pronounced. Another bad point in the picture is the female figure in red, to the left, which is remarkably false and disagreeable in action although strong and rich in color, while the drapery painting is superb. And here we find another great merit in Mr. Rothermel's picture: in all of the twenty-two female figures introduced it is next to impossible to find a fault in the painting of their drapery; variety of color, texture and effect mark them all, and while they do not have the unpleasant "band-box" effect which we find in most pictures of this character, there is a harmony and grace in each one which calls for unbounded praise.

With Mr. Rothermel's treatment of the accessories no fault can be found, for, although critics may object to the warm, glowing color introduced, this is an error, if it is an error, in the right direction, and is far preferable to the low, cold tones which we so often find in the works of modern painters. Taken altogether then, the merits and demerits of the "Republican Court" may be summed up in these words: As a gracefully arranged composition it is excellent; as a beautiful piece of color it is almost unrivalled; but as a specimen of careful, laborious portrait painting it is but moderately successful.

A right pleasant little exhibition room, for it is hardly large enough to entitle it to the name of gallery, is that just opened by Mr. Snedecor at 768 Broadway. Quiet, neat and elegant, it is a perfect little *bijou* of a temple of art. The eye is nowhere offended by a glaring color or trumpery show, but in their places are cosy comfort and genuine good taste. It is Mr. Snedecor's intention to make this a receptacle for real gems of artistic skill, a place where an artist after finishing a thoroughly good picture may place it on sale and exhibition. The opening collection fully warrants this promise; here we have pictures by Colman, Jas. Hart, Wm. Hart, J. G. Brown, Nebbig, DeHaas, Weir and La Farge, and right good pictures they are too. Prominent among the number are Colman's "Tow Boats," and "Valley of the Neperham." The first has been noticed at length in these columns before; the second is a quiet, pastoral landscape, full of sentiment and marked by great delicacy of handling and beauty of color. Since Mr. Colman has thrown overboard the hot, forced color of which he was wont to be so fond, and has adopted a truer, cooler key, his pictures have greatly improved; we no longer see landscapes under an effect of atmosphere altogether unnatural, but in their places crisp, fresh, atmospheric pictures,

which breathe of Nature at every inch of the canvas, and give great promise of Mr. Colman becoming one of our greatest landscapists. In the "Valley of the Neperham" are all these qualities; across the foreground is a stretch of meadowland, while in the distance and middle distance are grand old elms and maples, nestled among which is a snug country farm house; in the extreme foreground is a pool at which cattle are drinking and boys fishing. The composition, it will be seen, is somewhat meagre, but Mr. Colman has treated it with such success that we do not feel this, but look, rather, at the bright green fields, the waving trees, and sunny midsummer sky, which are here reproduced by the exquisite skill of the artist with marked truthfulness and beauty.

Here too is Brown's delightful picture, "In Ambush," the pretty little miss peering out from behind her leafy barricade, fairly cajoling us into admiration of her beauty and Mr. Brown's talent. This is a remarkably successful *genre* picture; every point has been attended to with fidelity, the child, drapery, foliage, all are painted with consummate skill and finish, while the feeling of childish innocence and mirth running throughout the whole work is simply and superlatively delicious.

Jas. Hart's landscape of, what I suppose is Adirondac scenery, is another fine picture, good in color, composition, and treatment; while De Haas' small picture of a glimpse of sea beach is characterized by all that artist's best qualities, as is also La Farge's dish of flowers, and Nehlig's West Indian. Mr. Weir, who has been studying rainbows of late, gives us a picture of that atmospheric phenomenon, which, although possessing many good qualities, is too weak in color to call for entire commendation.

It is Mr. Snedecor's intention to change or replenish his collection every week or so, and if the present is a specimen of what future ones are to be, his gallery will become one of the pleasantest and most popular resorts of art lovers in the city.

There is an exquisite little picture by Neustadter, entitled the "Orphans," now on exhibition at Schaus' Gallery. Two beautiful girls arrayed in the deepest mourning are gazing with tearful eyes on the portrait of their dead mother; one, more resigned than her sister, endeavors to subdue her grief, but the other, in a paroxysm of misery has thrown herself upon the breast of her companion and gives vent to an uncontrolled burst of agony. The story is simple and touching, and in this spirit the artist has treated it, imbuing it with a feeling of sentiment and pathos which is very felicitous, and produces a marked sensation upon the beholder. The painting is in many places hard, the accessories in particular being open to this criticism, but then the flesh and drapery painting are so excellent and the story is so admirably told that we can pardon this to a certain extent while according to the artist almost unmixed praise.

I had hoped to have had some studio gossip this week, but here I have been running on so about picture galleries that space will not permit and I must perforce postpone it. The artists are all hard at work, many of them on "Academy pictures," and next week I shall reveal some of

the "secrets of their prison houses," or rather studios, to speak more correctly and less William-
esque.

PALETTA.

NEW BOOKS.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. Diamond Edition. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The edition of the immortal works of Charles Dickens, recently issued by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, will be very cordially received by the whole reading public of America. It is convenient in size, and the type, though small, is wonderfully marked and distinct, and consequently as pleasant to read as type of larger denomination. The printing is of the first class of the art, the paper excellent, the binding in excellent taste, and the whole get up every way worthy of the high reputation of the house from which it is issued.

The volume containing the whole of the Pickwick Papers, issued in January, 1867, is the first of the series, the whole to be completed in monthly volumes, each volume containing a complete work.

The illustrations to the Pickwick Papers are original from drawings by S. Eytinge, Jr. They display a marked character and a keen appreciation of humor. They are bold and free in drawing, giving evidence of a quick eye and a ready hand. One peculiarity is seen in nearly all the faces, namely: an indefinite blurry appearance of the mouths, a fault which is inexcusable, as no effect is gained by that want of decision.

We recommend this edition of Charles Dickens' Works to our readers most cordially, for it is both cheap and elegant.

THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY" for March is before us, and its contents are of an inviting and varied character, as the following schedule will show: "The Guardian Angel," III, by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Out on Picket," by Col. T. W. Higginson; "Glacial Phenomena in Maine," II, by Prof. L. Agassiz; "The River," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; "George Bedillion, Knight," II, by Mrs. Rebecca L. Davis; "Mr. Hardhack on the Derivation of Man from the Monkey"; "Katharine Morne," V, by the author of "Herman"; "All Here," 1829-1867, by O. W. Holmes; "Chicago," by James Parton; "Labor"; "My Friend Bingham," by Henry James, Jr.; "On a Marble by Dudois," by Horace B. Sargent; "A Glimpse of Genoa," by W. D. Howells; "Rags," by Jane G. Austin; "The True Problem," by Carl Schurz; "Reviews and Literary Notices."

The list of contributors can hardly fail to attract attention and awaken interest. The continued story, "The Guardian Angel," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, is developing finely, and promises to be his most effective work.

We have also received from the same firm, "Ticknor & Fields," the March number of "Our Young Folks," which is certainly a treasury of amusement and instruction for boys and girls. The subjects of the several articles are of a popular character, and are treated in a simple and effective manner, calculated to arrest the attention and secure the interest of young people. The teachings are good, and the tone and sentiment

healthy. These are important points in literature addressed to children.

The illustrations, which are numerous and are well drawn and engraved, are by Hoppin, G. G. White, S. Eytinge, Jr., and Harry Fenn. The contents are as follows: "Darius Green and his Flying Machine," J. F. Trowbridge; "What Pussy did with her Winters," H. B. Stowe; "Snow Falling," J. J. Piatt; "Good Old Times," Elijah Kelfogg; "Our Baby," G. S. Burleigh; "The Winter Sports," C. J. Foster; "Under the Flag," Helen W. Pierson; "Sam's Monkey," S. D. Nichols; "Out in the Snow," Louise C. Moulton; "Night Winds," Words by Emily H. Miller, Music by J. R. Thomas; "Round the Evening Lamp," and "Our Letter Box."

FAITH URWIN'S ORDEAL. By Georgiana M. Craik.

Published by Leypoldt & Holt.

This is a charming little domestic story, somewhat painful in its evolvment, but told with true womanly delicacy of feeling. In the hands of a less talented author the subject would be disagreeable to the last degree, but Mrs. Craik has treated it with such tact and judgment that we read on, delighted and entranced by the simplicity and purity of style displayed in every page.

HENRY FUSELI.—This great painter, and very extraordinary man, was born at Zurich, Switzerland, in 1741, according to all accounts, save his own; but he himself placed it in 1745, without adding the day or the month. He always spoke of his age with reluctance. Once when pressed about it, he said, peevishly, "How should I know? I was born in February or March—it was some cursed cold month, as you may guess from my diminutive stature, and crabbed disposition." He was the son of the painter, John Casper Fuesili, and the second of eighteen children.

His change from an early idea of becoming a writer to that of an artist, is worthy of record, as illustrating the fact that the same grade of intellect, with application is capable of anything.

He devoted himself for a considerable time after his arrival in London to the daily toils of literature—translations, essays, and critiques. Among other works, he translated "Wine Klimans book on Painting and Sculpture." One day Bonnycastle said to him after dinner:

"Fuseli, you can write well—why don't you write something?"

"Something," says Fuseli, "you always say write. Fuseli, why don't you write? Blastation! What shall I write?"

"Write!" said Armstrong, who was present, "write on Voltaire and Rousseau."

Fuseli said nothing, but went home and began to write. His enthusiasm spurred him on, and his work was soon done. It was printed, but a fire consumed the printing office with every letter of the valuable work. One of his friends said "It had a short life, but a brilliant end."

The result of this was a change, somewhat similar to Thackeray's, from a desire to be an artist to that of a writer. He one day found his way to the studio of Reynolds, and submitted some of his drawings to that eminent artist's inspection, who, looking at them for some time, said:

"How long have you studied in Italy?"

"I never studied in Italy. Do you think I ought to?"

"Young man," said Reynolds, "if I were the author of those drawings £10,000 a year would not keep me from becoming an artist."

These words decided the destiny of Fuseli. He forsook literature; refused a living in the church, and became a great painter.

The Paris "St. Cecilia's" only concert for this season presented a tempting programme.